A NARRATIVE OF God's Gracious Dealings

With that Choice Christian

Mrs. *HANNAH ALLEN*,

(Afterwards Married to Mr. *Hatt*,)

RECITING

The great Advantages the Devil made of her deep Melancholy, and the Triumphant Victories, Rich and Sovereign Graces, God gave her over all his Stratagems and Devices.

O Lord! I am oppressed, undertake for me. Esay xxx. 14.

We are not ignorant of his Devices. 2 Cor. ii. 11.

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TO THE

READER.

THE *Soul of Man hath a ſingular affection for its own Body, rejoycing in its Proſperity, and ſympathizing with it in all its Maladies, Miſeries, and Neceſſities. Hence if the Body be out of frame and tune, the Soul cannot be well at eaſe. As the moſt skilful Muſician cannot make any pleaſing melody upon an unſtringed or broken Inſtru-*

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ment. The blood and humours are the Souls Organs, by which it doth exert its actions. If these be well temper'd and kept in a balance, Ordinarily there is an inward calm serenity upon the Spirit. Ordinarily I say: For in some cases the most chearful Temper may be broken down and overwhelmed either by the immediate impressions of God's wrath upon the Soul, or the letting loose of those Bandogs of Hell to affright and terrifie it. This is no strange News to any one acquainted with the Scriptures, or the Records of the Church in its several Ages, or that hath been conversant with the most humble, serious and mortified Christians. Infinite Wisdom hath seen it fitting to keep his Saints from Hell for ever,

ever, by casting them as it were into Hell for a time. It being too much for the choicest Saints to have two Heavens, one in Earth, and another in Glory. Flesh is kept from Putrefaction by powdring it in Salt and Brine: and Gold loseth nothing of its Worth by being melted in the Furnace. To wave the broken bones of David, the terrors and distractions of Heman, the groans, chatterings, mournings and pressing oppressions of Hezekiah; That Mirrour of Patience, Job, will tell us how much he suffered and that immediately too from God and his own God. He had as well as Father Abraham, an horrour of great darkness upon him. He was skared with Visions, terrified with Dreams, the poysoned Arrows of

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the Almighty were shot into his very Soul, the venom whereof drank up his spirits, and made him choose Strangling rather than Life. Possibly he had his Temptations to Self-murder as well as some others fearing God under horrour. Hence you need not wonder at their impatiency, and in their agonies at blasphemous expressions. When I have heard from the mouth of an eminent and holy Minister of Christ, that once counted himself a Reprobate, undone and to be damn'd for ever, and was no longer able to subsist under the weight and burden of Everlasting and Almighty Wrath, (and who indeed can, if God should let it out upon him?) That he hated God, yea hated him perfectly, because he was his Judge

Judge and Adversary, tho' a most loving and tender-hearted Father to his Saints; *When I read of miserable* Spira's wishing himself above God; *I do not in the least strange at such intemperate expressions, considering that God, and their Enemy doth blow the Coals, and it may be dictate the very words to them.*

Christian Reader, *Peruse such Instances as these, and* this of a Now-glorified Soul presented to thee, *with fear and trembling. How knowest thou but it may be thine own Case? Let him that standeth take heed lest he fall. The peace, the comforts, the quiet, the joys natural and spiritual, they are all from Grace; you have no longer a Lease of them, no longer*

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term of injoying them than the good will and pleasure of him that dwelt in the burning Bush. If God revoke his own gifts, hide his face, let loose the Tempter, awaken that sleeping Fury in thy bosom, let down but the smallest drop of his Wrath into thy Conscience, thy foundations will be shaken, and the mountain of thy peace will be hurled into a gulf of dismal sorrows.

Learn then to hate Sin, all Sin bitterly and implacably, to avoid it universally and continually. Be humble and vile in thine own eyes, and walk humbly with thy God. Set upon a through Reformation. Because of Leviathan's *up-raising himself, the Mighty are afraid; by reason of breakings, the very Sinners purify themselves. God cautions*

tions Saints, and alarms Sinners by such flaming Beacons. If these things be done in the green Tree, what will not be done in the dry? Keep no Idol, and beware of making inward comfort an Idol. This provokes God to Jealousy. The Christian's Life is not a life of Sense but of Faith. We walk by Faith, saith the Apostle, and not by sight. Faith closing with the precious Promises, feeding upon the All-sufficient Merits of an unseen Jesus, bringeth in through the holy Ghost, peace, that peace of God, which passeth all understanding, into the Believer's Soul. But then too, this Faith doth purify the Heart, expelleth all inward filth, conniveth, indulgeth not unto any the least sin; but puts the Soul up-

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on skirmiſhing with it, and gets through the power of Chriſt, victory over it. Otherwiſe the troubles will return, as the Clouds after the Rain. The leaſt briſs in the Eye ſhall create grief. The leaſt core of bitterneſs in the Wound ſhall cauſe it wrankle afreſh. The ſmalleſt leak in the Ship, not ſeen, will ſink it; and as multitudes have been killed with Swords and Canons, ſo others with Stillettoes and Needles, with what the injudicious Worldling calls a Peccadillo, lurking in the Soul.

Walk then, Chriſtian Reader, *in thine integrity. He that walketh uprightly walketh ſafely. Live ſtill in dependance upon thy Crucified Lord. All thy ſprings are in him, all thy ſtreams are from him. With joy ſhall you draw waters of Conſo-*

Conſolations, reviving Cordials from the wounds of thy dear and dying Saviour. Hide thy ſelf always in the clefts of that bleſſed Rock of Ages, and thou wilt find there as all the Saints have done in all Ages, a glorious high Throne of Sovereign Mercy for thy ſanctuary. The ſecret of the Lord is with them that fear him, and unto ſuch will he reveal his Covenant. Love the Lord Jeſus intirely, ſupremely and tranſcendently; and remember that ſuch as love him ſhall be beloved and ſaved by him.

As to Scoffers and Mockers at ſuch Relations, that Burleſque and Ridicule theſe great Inſtances of Divine Providence, I ſhall ſay nothing but that 'tis the Sin of our Age, foretold 1600 *Years ago, accompliſhed*

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plished in our Days, and an Exercise for the present, and possibly for surviving Saints. Here is the Faith and Patience of Saints, to keep the Testimony of Jesus, and walk Evenly in his ways in the midst of thorns and precipices, and when they are reputed the Worlds Monsters, and the Drunkards Song for so doing. Laugh he that laughs last. The Saints are in heaviness through many Afflictions and Desertions for a little time; but Sinners shall be at last overwhelmed by them for evermore. Their joyful Comedy will have a most Tragick issue. Our blessed Lord hath inform'd his Disciples, that they should weep and lament, but the World should rejoyce; that they should be sorrowful, but their Sorrow

row should be turned into Joy, and their Joy no man should take from them. But the wicked is driven away in his wickedness: Before the Pots can feel the thorns, God shall take them away as with a Whirl-wind, both living and in his wrath.

Thy Soul-friend and

Servant for *Jesus* sake.

London Feb. 3.
1681.

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SATAN'S

Methods and *Malice*

BAFFLED, &c.

I *Hannah Allen*, the late Wife of *Hannibal Allen* Merchant, was born of Religious Parents; my Father was Mr. *John Archer* of *Snelston* in *Derby-shire*, who took to Wife, the Daughter of Mr. *William Hart* of *Uttoxeter Woodland* in *Stafford-shire*, who brought me up in the fear of God from my Childhood;

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Childhood; and about Twelve Years of Age, for my better Education, ſent me up to *London* in the Year 1650, to my Father's Siſter Mrs. *Ann Wilſon*, the Wife of Mr. *Samuel Wilſon*, Merchant, then Living in *Aldermanbury*, and after ſome time ſpent there, and at School, I being not well in Health, had a deſire to go down for a time to my Mother, being a Widow, (my Father dying when I was very young) where I ſtaid almoſt two Years. In which time and a little before my going down, it pleaſed God to work in me earneſt breathings after the ways of God, but the enemy of my Soul ſtriving to cruſh ſuch hopeful beginnings in the bud.

bud, caſt in horrible blaſphemous thoughts and injections into my mind, inſomuch that I was ſeldom free day or night, unleſs when dead ſleep was upon me. But I uſed to argue with my ſelf to this purpoſe, Whether if I had a Servant that I knew loved me, and deſired in all things to pleaſe me, and yet was ſo forced againſt his will to do that which was contrary to my mind, whether I would think ever the worſe of him, ſeeing I knew what he did was to his grief. And by ſuch thoughts as theſe, it pleaſed God to give me ſome ſupport wherein his goodneſs did the more appear in caſting ſuch thoughts into my mind; I being young, and alſo bearing this

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this burthen alone, not so much as acquainting my Mother with it, but by degrees these Temptations grew to that height, that I was perswaded I had sinned the Unpardonable Sin: With these dreadful Temptations I privately conflicted for some Months, not revealing it (as I said) to any one, thinking with my self that never any was like me, and therefore was loath to make my Condition known: I would often in my thoughts wish I might change Conditions with the vilest Persons I could think of, concluding there was hopes for them though not for me: that Scripture in the 57. of *Isa.* the two last Verses, did exceedingly terrify me, *But the wicked are*

are like the troubled Sea, when it cannot rest, whose waters cast up mire and dirt. There is no peace to the wicked, saith my God. In this sad and perplexed state, upon a Sabbath day, my Mother having been reading in the Family in one of blessed Mr. *Bolton's* Books, and being ready to go with them to Church; I thought with my self, To what purpose should I go to hear the Word, since, as I thought, all means whatsoever for the good of my Soul were in vain, but the same time I carelesly turning over Mr. *Bolton's* Book as it lay on the Table, lighted on a place that directly treated on my Case; which it pleased God so to bless; that I was so much comforted

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and ſtrengthned, that I recovered for that time from my Deſpairing condition, and ſo continued for ſeveral years with good hopes of the love of God in Chriſt towards me, yet ſtill continually aſſaulted with Temptations, but with leſs violence than before. After my abode in the Countrey almoſt two years with my Mother, I returned to *London* to my Uncle and Aunt *Wilſon*; by whom about a Year and four Months after, I was diſpoſed of in Marriage to Mr. *Hannibal Allen*, but ſtill lived with my Uncle and Aunt *Wilſon* till after my Uncle dyed; and was about this time admitted to the Sacrament by Mr. *Calamy*, with good approbation: And in the time of his

his Life, I was frequently exerciſed with variety of Temptations, wherein the Devil had the more advantage I being much inclined to Melancholy, occaſioned by the oft abſence of my dear and affectionate Husband, with whom I lived preſent and abſent about eight Years; and ſoon after he went his laſt Voyage, I went into the Countrey to live with my Aunt *Wilſon*, who was now a Widow, and returned to live at *Snelſton* with my aged Mother, ſhe being Married again and living elſewhere; but in few Months after I heard of the death of my Husband (for he dyed beyond Sea) I began to fall into deep Melancholy, and no ſooner did this black humour

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begin to darken my Soul, but the Devil ſet on with his former Temptations, which at firſt were with leſs violence and frequent intermiſſions, but yet with great ſtruglings and fightings within me; as I would expreſs it (to my Aunt) I am juſt as if two were fighting within me, but I truſt, the Devil will never be able to overcome me; then I would repeat ſeveral promiſes ſuitable to my condition, and read over my former experiences that I had writ down, as is hereafter expreſſed, and obligations that I had laid upon my ſelf, in the preſence of God, and would ſay, Aunt, I hope I write not theſe things in Hypocriſie, I never intended any Eye ſhould ſee them; but

but the Devil ſuggeſteth dreadful things to me againſt God, and that I am an Hypocrite. At the firſt I began to complain that I found not that comfort and refreſhment in Prayer as I was wont to do, and that God withdrew his comforting and quickening Preſence from me.

When I had ſeen the Bible, I would ſay, oh that bleſſed Book that I ſo delighted in once! the Devil was ſtrongly aſſaulting my Faith, and I ſeemed ready to be overcome, I anſwered the Tempter within my ſelf in the bitterneſs of my Spirit; *Well, if I periſh, God muſt deny himſelf.*

See the difference betwixt the voice of Faith, and the Lan-

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guage of Despair. At another time I cannot be saved because God cannot deny himself; The truth is, it had been most of all worth the Publishing my Expressions in the time of my Combating with Sathan at the beginning of my Affliction, but those passages are most of all forgotten. One hour my hope was firm, and the next hour ready to be overwhelmed.

This began in *Feb.* 63. but it grew worse and worse upon me notwithstanding such means was used both by Physick and Journeys to several Friends for Diversion. The last Journey I took upon this account, was to a good Friend of mine, a Minister, Mr. *John Shorthose*, who was

was related to me by Marriage, who lived about Thirty Miles distance, where I still grew much worse, and my continual course there, was to be asking him Questions whether the truth of Grace could consist with such sins, for then I began to fear I was an Hypocrite, and that place I thought upon with much dread, in *Job* viii. 13. *The Hypocrites hope shall perish*; nor had I any ease longer than I was thus discoursing with him, for though he often silenced my Objections, and I seemed for the present to be much satisfied, yet he was no sooner gone from me, but my troubles returned afresh, insomuch that his Wife would often send for him home when he was but gone

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into the Fields. While I was there the Devil would ſuggeſt ſomething to this purpoſe to me, *That when I was gone from him, he would torment me.* After ſome ſtay there, I returned home again, where quickly I began to grow into deep Deſpair. It was my cuſtom for ſeveral years before to write in a Book I kept for that purpoſe in Short-Hand, the Promiſes, together with my Temptations and other afflictions, and my experiences how God delivered me out of them, mixing therewith Prayer and Praiſes, which practice I continued till I was overwhelmed with deſpair, ſome few paſſages whereof are here inſerted as they were written in my deep diſtreſs.

This

This Book in my Affliction I would oft ſay, would riſe up in Judgment againſt me. As I was walking with my Couſin, Mrs. *Shorthoſe*, a Woman curſed and ſware ſadly; *Ah Couſin*, ſaid I, *I have abhorred ſuch Company all my Life, therefore I hope they ſhall not be my Companions to Eternity.*

This being the 20th. *Feb.* 63. is a time of great trouble and bitter Melancholy, and one great cauſe is for want of the light of God's Countenance; and for fear that if I ſhould have any mercy ſhewed me, I ſhould abuſe it; and my wretchedly deceitful heart be drawn aſide from God (for I am only fit for the School of Affliction;) and on the other hand,

if

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if God ſhould ſend ſome further trials, I ſhould ſink under them; and my Life be made a burthen to me.

But (Lord) ſure this is the voice of my wretched unbelieving heart; The Lord for Chriſt's ſake, fit me for what ever thou wilt do with me, that I may have power again Sin and Satan, and enjoy the light of thy Countenance, and then do with me what thou wilt: Oh that I might prevail with my Lord, for Chriſt's ſake, for graces ſuitable to every condition, and that I may be able to improve every mercy, and every affliction, to thy glory and the comfort of my poor Soul, and that I may be uſeful in my Generation and not be burthenſom; Lord pity my ſtate for Chriſt's

Chriſt's ſake, who hath never left me in my trials.

The ſixth of *April* 64. The truth is I know not well what to ſay, for as yet I am under ſad Melancholy, and ſometimes dreadful Temptations, to have hard thoughts of my deareſt Lord (The leaſt aſſenting to which by his grace I dread more than Hell it ſelf) Temptations to impatience and deſpair, and to give up all for loſt; and to cloſe with the Devil and forſake my God, which the Almighty for Chriſt's ſake forbid: Theſe Temptations were with dreadful violence. Beſides, my Melancholy hath bad effects upon my body, greatly impairing my

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my Health: Truly there is ſometimes ſuch a woful confuſion and combating in my Soul, that I know not what to do; And now my earneſt Prayer to my Lord is this, (which I truſt for Chriſt's ſake he will not deny me, though I cannot beg it with ſuch earneſt affections as I ſhould, yet I hope my heart is ſincere) that for my ſweet Redeemer's ſake he would preſerve me from Sin and give me ſtrength of Faith; and Self-denial and patience to wait upon him, and ſubmit to him; and let him do with me what he pleaſeth:

My God, I know thou haſt (for ever adored be thy Majeſty) appeared for me in many great and ſore

ſore ſtraits; for the Lord Jeſus ſake now appear in mercy for me; that I may have exceeding cauſe to bleſs thee for this thy mercy alſo, and give me an aſſurance that thou art mine, and that thou wilt never leave me, till thou haſt brought me to thy Self in glory.

The 12th. of *May*, 64. Still my time of great diſtreſs and ſore trials continues, ſometimes the Devil tempts me wofully to hard and ſtrange thoughts of my dear Lord; which (through his mercy) I dread and abhor the aſſenting to more than Hell it ſelf; in a word, every day at preſent ſeems a great burthen to me; My earneſt Prayer is, 'For the Lords ſake, that if

'it

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'it be thy holy will, I might not 'periſh in this great affliction 'which hath been of ſo long 'continuance, and is ſo great 'ſtill notwithſtanding means uſed, 'however for the Lords ſake, let 'it be Sanctified to my eternal 'good, and give me grace ſuitable 'to my condition, and ſtrength 'to bear my burthen, and then 'do with me what thou wilt; I 'know not what to ſay; the 'Lord pity me in every reſpect 'and appear for me, in theſe 'my great ſtraits both of Soul and 'Body; I know not what to do, I 'ſhall be undone; This I write to ſee what God will do with me, whether ever he will deliver me out of ſuch a diſtreſs as this; that I may have cauſe to praiſe

praiſe and adore his name in the Land of the Living; 'Lord, 'comfort me and ſupport me and 'revive me for Chriſt's ſake.

May 26th. 64. 'I deſire (which 'the Lord help me to do) ex-'ceedingly to bleſs and praiſe 'thy Majeſty that hath yet in 'ſome meaſure ſupported me un-'der theſe dreadful trials and 'temptations, which do yet con-'tinue and have been woful upon 'me, for almoſt four Months toge-'ther; For Chriſt's ſake pity my 'caſe, or elſe I know not what 'to do; and do not deny me 'ſtrength to bear up under my 'burthen; and for the Lord's 'ſake grant, whatever thou doſt 'with me, that one Sin may not 'be

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'be in me, unrepented of or 'unmortified; Do with me what 'thou wilt as to the Creature, so 'thou wilt subdue my sins, and 'chain up Sathan, and smile up-'on my Soul; Lord, I know 'not what to do, only mine Eyes 'are up to thee, the Devil still 'keeps me under dreadful bon-'dage, and in sad distress and 'wo, but blessed be my God, 'that he doth not lay npon me 'all afflictions at once; that my 'Child is so well, and that I have 'so many other mercies, which 'the Lord open my Eyes to see; 'especially that Christ is mine, 'for the Lord's sake, and then 'I have enough.

After

After this I writ no more, but this and much more I writ before my last Journey aforesaid, for by that time I came back, I soon after fell into deep Despair, and my language and condition grew sadder than before. Now little to be heard from me, but lamenting my woful state, in very sad and dreadful Expressions; As that I was undone for ever; that I was worse than *Cain* or *Judas*; that now the Devil had overcome me irrecoverably; that this was what he had been aiming at all along; Oh the Devil hath so deceiv'd me as never any one was deceived; he made me believe my condition was good when I was a cursed Hypocrite.

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One night, I said there was a great clap of Thunder like the shot of a Piece of Ordnance, came down directly over my Bed; and that the same night, a while after, I heard like the voice of two Young Men singing in the Yard, over against my Chamber; which I said were Devils in the likeness of Men, singing for joy that they had overcome me; and in the morning as I was going to rise, that Scripture in the 10th. of *Heb.* and the last words of the 26th. Verse, was suggested to me from Heaven (as I thought) *There remains no more Sacrifice for sin*; And this delusion remained with me as an Oracle all along; that by this miracle of the Thunder, and

and the Voice and the Scripture, God revealed to me that I was Damned: When my Aunt asked me, *Do you think God would work a Miracle to convince you that you are rejected? it is contrary to the manner of God's proceedings; we do not read of such a thing in all the Scripture.*

My Answer was, *Therefore my condition is unparalell'd, there was never such an one since God made any Creature either Angels or Men, nor never will be to the end of the world.*

One night as I was sitting by the fire, all of a sudden I said I should dye presently; whereupon my Aunt was called; to whom I said, *Aunt, I am just dying, I cannot live an hour if there were*

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no more in the world; in this opinion I continued a great while, every morning saying, *I should dye before night*, and every night, *before morning*: when I was thus in my dying condition, I often begged earnestly of my Aunt to bring up my Child strictly, that if it were possible, he might be saved, though he had such a Mother.

Many places of Scripture I would repeat with much terrour, applying them to my self; as *Jer.* vi. 29, 30. *The bellows are burnt, the lead is consumed of the fire; the Founder melteth in vain; Reprobate silver shall men call them, because the Lord hath rejected them*; Ezek. xxiv. 13. *In thy filthiness is lewdness, because I have*

I have purged thee and thou wast not purged; thou shalt not be purged from thy filthiness any more, till I have caused my fury to rest upon thee: Luke xiii. 24. *Strive to enter in at the strait gate, for many I say unto you, will seek to enter in and shall not be able*: This last Scripture I would express with much passionate weeping, saying, *This is a dreadful Scripture, I sought, but not in a right way; for the Devil blinded mine eyes, I sought to enter but was not able.*

When both my inward and outward distempers grew to such a height, my Aunt acquainted my Friends at *London* with my condition, for at *London* I had formerly had four loving Uncles,

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cles, my Father's brethren; two whereof were then living, and a Brother of my own, that was set up in his Trade: These advised to send me up to *London*; there being the best means both for Soul and Body; in order to which Mrs. *Wilson* sent to intreat my Mother to accompany me to *London*; (for at that time she could not leave her Family so long) who accordingly came, but she found it a hard work to perswade me to this Journey; for I said *I should not live to get to the Coach, but I must go and dye by the way to please my friends:* I went up in the *Tamworth* Coach, so that it was Twenty two Miles thither, *Tuesday* was the day we set forwards on; and on

on that day in particular, the Devil had suggested to me (the *Friday* before) *that I must dye and be with him*; and this the more confirmed me in my fear: My Aunt went with me that days journey, which was first to *Tamworth* on Horse-back, and from thence Nine Miles farther in the Coach to *Nun-Eton*, which was a long journey, for one so weak and ill as I was. My Aunt complaining of weariness; *Ah*, said I, *but what must I do, that must have no rest to all eternity:* The next morning I would fain have returned back with my Aunt, but there we parted, and I went forward with my Mother, and a very sad Journey my Mother had with me, for every

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Morning she had no small trouble to perswade me to rise to go on my Journey; I would earnestly argue against it, and say, *I shall surely dye by the way, and had I not better dye in bed? Mother, do you think people will like to have a dead Corps in the Coach with them?* but still at last my Mother with much patience and importunity prevailed with me: As I passed along the way, if I saw a Church, as soon as I cast mine eyes upon it, it was presently suggested to me, that's a Hell-house with a kind of indignation; and this I thought was from my self, and therefore never spoke of it till after my recovery, for I thought if it had been known how vile I was, I must

must have been put to some horrible death: When I saw any black Clouds gather, or the Wind rise (as we went along) I presently concluded that some dreadful thing would fall out to shew what an One I was.

When I came to *London*, I went to my Brother's House in *Swithens-lane*, where my Mother staid with me about three Weeks or a Month, in which time I took much Physick of one Mr. *Cocket* a Chymist that lived over the way, but still I was, as I thought, always dying; and I yet wearying my Mother with such fancies and stories; One Evening my Mother said to me, *Well, if you will believe you shall be saved if you dye not this*

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this night, I will believe all that you say to be true if you do dye this night; to this she agreed, and in the night about one a Clock (as we thought) the Maid being newly gone out of the Chamber to Bed, but left a Watch-light burning, we both heard like the hand of a Gyant, knock four times together on the Chamber door, which made a great noise (the Door being Wainscot;) then said I, *You see, Mother, though I dyed not to night, the Devil came to let you know that I am damn'd*; my Mother answered, *but you see he had no power to come into the Chamber.*

Soon after this my Mother returned home into the Countrey, and left me in my Brother's house,

house, who was a young Man unmarried, and had only a Man and a Maid, and he much abroad himself about his occasions; and now my opinion of Dying suddenly began to leave me, therefore I concluded that God would not suffer me to dye a natural death; but that I should commit some fearful abomination, and so be put to some horrible death: One day my Brother going along with me to Doctor *Pridgeon*, as we came back, I saw a company of Men with Halberds, *Look, Brother*, said I, *you will see such as these (one of these days) carry me to Newgate*: to prevent which I studied several ways to make away my self, and I being so much alone, and

in

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in a large ſolitary Houſe, had the more liberty to endeavour it; firſt I thought of taking *Opium* that I might dye in my Sleep, and none know but that I dyed naturally, (which I deſired that my Child might not be diſgraced by my untimely end,) and therefore ſent the Maid to ſeveral Apothecaries ſhops for it, ſome ſaid they had none, others ſaid it was dangerous and would not ſell it her: Once ſhe had got ſome, and was coming away with it; the Maſter of the Shop coming in, asked what ſhe had, and when he knew, took it from her; (this the Maid told me:) When I had ſent her up and down ſeveral days, and ſaw ſhe could get none; then I got Spiders

ders and took one at a time in a Pipe with Tobacco, but never ſcarce took it out, for my heart would fail me; but once I thought I had been poyſoned; in the night awaking out of my ſleep, I thought I felt death upon me, (for I had taken a Spider when I went to Bed) and called to my Brother and told him ſo, who preſently aroſe and went to his Friend an *Apothecary*, who came and gave me ſomething to expel it; the next day my Uncles and Brother (conſidering the inconveniency of that loneſome Houſe) removed me to Mr. *Peter Walker*'s Houſe, a Hoſier at the Three Crowns in *Newgate-Market*; (whoſe Wife was my Kinſwoman) who received me very

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very courteously, though I was at that time but an uncomfortable Guest.

In the time I was at my Brother's, I had strange apprehensions that the Lights that were in Neighbouring houses were apparitions of Devils, and that those Lights were of their making; and if I heard the voice of People talk or read in other houses, I would not be perswaded but that it was Devils like Men, talking of me, and mocking at my former reading, because I proved such an Hypocrite.

Madam,

As for the time I was at my Cousin Walker's, *I refer your Ladyship*

dyship to them, or any Friend else that may assist you; only I have here set down several passages, as they came to my mind which passed there, which your Ladyship may make use of as You please.

One time while I lay at my Cousin *Walker's*, having promised a Friend that was very importunate with me to go to a Sermon with her; about two or three days after, the Devil began to terrifie me for making that promise, and suggested to me, *that I had much better break it than keep it, for I had enough Sermons to answer for already*; and sitting in great distress, contriving how I might put off my going, the Devil found me out a place

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a place on the top of the Houſe, a hole where ſome boards were laid, and there I crowded in my ſelf, and laid a long black Scarf upon me, and put the boards as well as I could to hide me from being found, and there intended to lye till I ſhould ſtarve to death; and all the Family and others concluded I had ſtoln out at the Door unknown to them to go loſe my ſelf in ſome Wood, which I much talked of; but when I had lain there almoſt three days, I was ſo hungry and cold, it being a very ſharp Seaſon, that I was forced to call as loud as I could, and ſo was heard and releaſed from that place.

While

While ſhe was at Mr. *Walker's* houſe, a Miniſter being deſired to come and diſcourſe with her, did come; and finding her in a more dejected ſtate than any he ever ſaw, did oft viſit her, and perceiving little viſible good effect of his conferences with her, propoſed to Preach a Sermon to her, that might ſuit her condition, hoping God might bleſs that Ordinance to her, that ſhe might hear the voice of Joy and Gladneſs, that ſo the bones that God had broken might rejoyce; ſhe conſented to hear his Sermon, and when upon the day appointed he came to diſpence the word, he found her writing the enſuing Lines to diſſuade him.

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Sir,

This is to beseech you as you would detract a few scalding drops of the fury of the Almighty from my poor miserable and ever to be abhorred Soul to all Eternity, that you cease your study upon any subject on my account, and likewise your Prayers, and instead of that pray to God to rid the World immediately of such a Monster, who am not only guilty of all the sins of the Devil, but likewise of such crimes as he is not capable of, which you will say is incredible, but woe and alas 'tis true.

This is all she had written, the Minister coming in unexpectedly prevented what she further intended to write.

After-

Afterwards the Minister invited her to his House, where she was above a Week, but very loath to engage in any Duty: The Minister's Wife did sometimes importune her to pray with her, but could not prevail, she always excusing herself from her unfitness to take the holy and reverend Name of God within her polluted lips; *Dead Dog, Damn'd Wretch, she dare to speak to the great God*; she expressed so great an awe and dread of the glorious and fearful Name of God, as discovered much grace in her most desponding state, to them that conversed with her. Some years after her recovery, she returning to *London*, came to the aforesaid Minister and his

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Wife, declaring to them God's great Goodneſs to her in manifeſting himſelf to her Soul, and returned hearty thanks to them for their tenderneſs to her in her dejected ſtate. From his Obſervation of the ground of her Trouble, he adviſes all Chriſtians to mortifie inordinate Affection to lawful things. *Col.* 3. 5.

I would ſay that *Paſhurs* doom belonged to me, that I was *Magor-Miſſabib*, a Terrour to my ſelf and all my Friends; that I was a Hell upon Earth, and a Devil incarnate; for that which I prayed againſt in hypocriſie, God had brought upon me in reality: for I uſed to have frequently in my Prayers ſuch an expreſſion as this (ap-

Jerem. 20. 3.

(apprehending the vileneſs of my Nature) *if God ſhould leave me to my ſelf, I ſhould be an Hell upon Earth, a Terrour to my ſelf and all my Friends*; and becauſe this was in Hypocriſy, therefore God had brought it on me in reality.

Sometimes when they had told me I had been Prayed for, I would ſay, *they did not pray for me, for I was not to be prayed for*; for the Scripture ſaid, *That they who had ſin'd the ſin unto death, were not to be Prayed for*: And when a good Friend of mine Mr. *Blake* came daily and unweariedly to ſee me; I would Ask him, *Why he yet came, ſeeing I rejected his Counſel*; And, *Chriſt bid his Meſſengers ſhake the duſt of their Feet off againſt ſuch.* I would

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say *Because I have built my Fabrick upon the Sand so high, therefore my fall is so dreadful*: When I was told of some that were possest with the Devil and were by Prayer dispossest, I would reply, *What tell you me of Possession, I cared not if I were possest with a Thousand Devils, so I were not a Devil to my self*: When some had told me that I had been Prayed for, I would Answer, *I was the less beholding to them, for it would but sink me the deeper into Hell.* I would often say, *I was a thousand times worse than the Devil, for the Devil had never committed such Sins as I had*; *for I had committed worse Sins than the Sin against the Holy-Ghost*: some would answer, *The Scripture speaks not of*

of worse sins, and can you be guilty of greater Sins than the Scripture mentions? Yes, said *I*, *My Sins are so great, that if all the Sins of all the Devils and Damned in Hell, and all the Reprobates on Earth were comprehended in one man*; *mine are greater*; *There is no word comes so near the comprehension of the dreadfulness of my Condition*; *as that, I am the Monster of the Creation*: in this word *I* much delighted.

I would say, *Let him that thinks he stands, take heed lest he fall*: *I once thought my self to stand, but am miserably fallen.*

When *I* was forc'd to be present at Duty, *I* would often stop my Ears, my Carriage was very rugged and cross, contrary to my natural

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temper; Here *I* practiſed many devices to make away my ſelf, ſometimes by Spiders (as before) ſometimes endeavouring to let my ſelf blood with a pair of ſharp ſizers, and ſo bleed to death; once when the Surgeon had let me blood, *I* went up into a Chamber and bolted the Door to me, and took off the Plaiſter and tyed my Arm, and ſet the Vein a bleeding again; which Mrs. *Walker* fearing, ran up ſtairs and got into the Chamber to me, *I* ſeeing her come in, ran into the Leads, and there my Arm bled upon the Wall; *Now* (ſaid *I*) *you may ſee there is the blood of a Curſed Reprobate.*

I pleaſed my ſelf, often, with contriving how to get into a Wood

Wood and dye there; and one morning *I* cunningly got out from my Couſins and went into *Smithfield*, where *I* walked up and down a great while, and knew not what to do; at laſt *I* tryed to hire a Coach but liked not the men there; then *I* went into *Alderſgate-ſtreet*, and asked a Coach-man what he would take to carry me to *Barnet*, (for then I meant to go into a Wood) but the man upon ſome ſmall occaſion ſadly Curſed and Swore, which ſtruck ſome Terrour into me, what thought *I*, muſt ſuch as this be my Companions for ever? and ſo went away from him; and found one with a good honeſt look, and with him *I* agreed; and was to give him Eight

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Eight Shillings; who carryed me a good way beyond *High-Gate*, and as *I* went along, *I* thought, am *I* now going to Converſe with Devils? with ſuch like Thoughts as theſe *I* was diſcouraged from going on; and called to the Coach-man, and prayed him to drive back again, and told him it was only a Melancholy Fancy: By theſe and ſeveral other ways *I* thought to put an End to my Life; but the watchful Eye of the Lord always graciouſly prevented me.

When *I* heard any dreadful thing cryed about the Streets in Books; *I* would ſay, *Oh what fearful things will be put out of me ere long in Books!* I would ſay, *I ſhould be called* Allen *that Curſed*

Curſed Apoſtate. When I had tryed many ways to make away my ſelf, and ſtill ſaw God prevented my deſigns; I would ſay to my ſelf; *Well, I ſee it cannot be, it muſt not be; God will have me come to ſome fearful End; and its fit it ſhould be ſo, that God may glorifie himſelf upon ſuch a wretched Creature.*

As I was going along the Streets, a Godly Miniſter paſſing by me; *Oh*, thought I, *with what horrour ſhall I ſee that face at the great day!* ſo would *I* think by many others of Gods people that *I* knew, either Relations or otherwiſe; *I* ſaid, *I exceedingly wondred that ſuch a Pious man as I heard my Father was, ſhould have ſuch a Child.*

I uſed

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I used to say, *I would change conditions with* Julian, *and that he was a Saint in comparison of me*; *Nay, That the Devil himself was a Saint compared with me*; I would say, *That the hottest place in Hell must be mine*; *nay, did you know me, you would say it were too good for me*; *tho' I poor Creature cannot think so.*

When I complained of those dreadful Sins I said I was guilty of; some would Ask me, *If I would be glad to be rid of 'em, and to be in another Condition? Yes*, said I, *so had the Devils*; *who do you think would not be happy? but I cannot desire it upon any other Account.* I would say, *I now saw that my Faith was only a Fancy, and that according to an*

an Expression of Mr. Baxters *in a Book of his*; *That the Love I formerly had to God, was Carnal and Diabolical.*

I would say to my Cousin *Walker*, *Tho' I am a damned Reprobate, yet from me believe (for sometimes the Devil speaks Truth) that there is a God, and that his Word is true, and that there is a Devil, and that there is an Hell*; *which I must find by woful Experience.*

I would often Ask my Cousin *Walker*, *What those that came to visit me, thought of my Condition?* he would Answer, *Very well*; I much wondred at it; and would do what I could to discourage 'em from coming; yet if at any time I thought they neglected me, I would

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would be ſecretly troubled; as afterward I ſaid.

I was wont earneſtly to Enquire whether it was poſſible that the Child of ſuch a Mother as I could be ſaved; yet I would ſay I was without *Natural Affection*; that I Loved neither God nor Man; and that I was given up to work all manner of wickedneſs with greedineſs; *We ſee no ſuch thing by you*, would ſome ſay; I would Anſwer, I, but it is in my heart; *Why doth it not break out in Act?* ſay they, It will do ere long; ſaid I.

The Devil would bring many places of Scripture to my mind, eſpecially Promiſes; as I ſaid, to Jear me with them, becauſe once I thought I delighted in them; but

but was miſerably miſtaken; which did much terrifie me.

I would with Dread think with my ſelf, if the men of *Beth-ſhemeſh* were ſo deſtroyed, 1 *Sam.* vi. 19. but for looking into the Ark, what will be my Condemnation that have ſo often medled with the Holy Ordinances of God, as the Word and Sacraments; and now proved to be only a *Curſed Hypocrite*, and nothing to do with them; I thought with my ſelf then, I would not partake of the Sacrament of the Lords Supper for a thouſand worlds.

When any Friend deſired me to go to hear the Word of God; I would earneſtly beg of them to let me alone, ſaying, I had Ser-

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Sermons enough to Anſwer for already, and that it would add to my great Account; if they offer'd to compel me to go, I would deſire them to let me alone, and I would go with them the next time, if I lived till then; but my aim was to make away my ſelf juſt before the time came, for I thought I had better go to Hell ſooner, than hear the Word ſtill, and thereby encreaſe my Torment, and heap up wrath againſt the Day of wrath, as I often expreſt it.

I would ſometimes ſay to my Couſin *Walker*, will you not pity me, that muſt as ſure as that there is a God, for ever burn in Hell; I muſt Confeſs I am not to be pitied, for did you know me

me, you would abhor me, and ſay Hell was too good for me; yet however pity me as I am your fellow-Creature; and once thought my ſelf not only a Woman but a Chriſtian, and tho' I was ſuch a dreadful wretch as now it appears; yet I did not know it, I verily thought my ſelf in a good condition; and when you ſee me come to my horrible End, which I am ſure will be ere long; tho' you muſt loath me, yet I ſay, pity me.

Yes he would ſay, *if I thought it was true I would pity you, but I do not believe it.* I uſed to ſay, God could not ſave me, and the reaſon I gave was; that God could not deny himſelf.

I found within my ſelf (as I

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prehended) a ſcorning and jeering at Religion, and them that profeſt it, and a deſpiſing of 'em, when I came to the heighth of my diſtemper, the ſtrugling and fighting that was in me continually at firſt (while I combated with Satan) left me: When I complained how vile I was, my Friends would tell me, *It was not I, but the Devils Temptations*, I would Anſwer, No, it is from my ſelf; I am the Devil now, the Devil hath now done his work, he hath done tempting of me; he hath utterly overcome me: *Then why are you ſo troubled?* would ſome ſay; I would Anſwer, Have I not cauſe to be troubled, (think you) that am aſſuredly given up to the Devil and Eternally

nally Damn'd. I would write in ſeveral places on the walls with the point of my Sizers, *Woe, Woe, Woe and alaſs to all Eternity*; *I am undone, undone for ever, ſo as never any was before me.*

Upon ſome ſudden occaſion I would ſometimes ſmile, but when I did; I would exceedingly check my ſelf, and be the more troubled afterwards.

Mr. *Walker* endeavoured to get Mr. *Baxter* to come to me, but he ſtill miſſed of him when he came to Town; No, (ſaid I) God will not let Mr. *Baxter* come to ſuch a Wretch as I am; but I had then a ſecret deſire to ſee him, rather than any one elſe. And to my beſt remembrance my Couſin *Walker* told me that

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he asked me if I would believe better of my self, if Mr. *Baxter* told me my condition was safe; and that I answered, Yes.

When another Christian Friend Mr. *Mason*, brought me acquainted with any of Gods People, I would say, *Alass Mr.* Mason, *you'l dearly repent this; and how must I Curse you in Hell for all that you did in kindness to me.*

What is here writ of Mr. Blake *and Mr.* Mason, *is but to hint what may be said of my Carriage towards them.*

The next Spring which was in *May*, 1665. My Aunt *Wilson* came up to *London*, being restless in her mind till she saw me; when

when I heard that my Aunt was come to *High-Gate* to her Brother's House, and did not come to *London* till Monday, I often said I hoped to have seen my Aunt before I dyed; but now I shall not; this fire within me, will kindle and burn me before Monday; on Monday my Aunt came, I being taken with the first sight of her, went with her to dinner to a Friends house in the *Old-Jury*; but was at my old Language still every Day, That the Fire would kindle within me and burn me: the Sickness then encreasing, my Aunt resolved to take me down again into the Countrey, which I was very glad of; for there I thought

Mr. *Hatt's* House, who afterwards Married her.

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I ſhould live more privately, and be leſs diſturbed ; (for ſo I accounted of the kind viſits of Friends.) A week before Midſummer we ſet forward toward *Darby-Shire*, and an uncomfortable Journey we had, for by the way I would not eat ſufficient to ſupport Nature ; when I was come to *Snelſtone* again, I was where I would be ; for there I could do what I pleaſed, with little oppoſition ; there I ſhunned all Company tho' they were my near Relations ; nor could I endure to be preſent at Prayer, or any other part of Gods Worſhip, nor to hear the ſound of reading, nor the ſight of a Book or Paper ; tho' it were but a Letter, or an Almanack.

The

The Lady *Baker* was pleaſed to write me ſeveral Letters which I would not ſo much as look on, nor hear read by others, one being brought me, and I preſt much to receive it, tore it in pieces. Nay I would ſtrike the Horn-book out of my Childs hand ; but that would trouble me as ſoon as I had done it : I would with I had never ſeen Book, or learned letter ; I would ſay it had been happy for me if I had been born blind ; daily repeating my accuſtomed Language, that I was a Curſed Reprobate, and the Monſter of the Creation.

One Sabbath-day being diſturbed about ſome ſmall trifle, I fell into violent paſſion ; weeping

even

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even to roaring, and cry'd out, I was made to be damn'd, God made me to that very end, to shew the power of his Justice more in me than in any other Creature.

My Aunt sometimes would tell me; that my expressions were so dreadful she knew not how to bear them; I would answer roundly, but what must I do then, that must feel them; I would often say to my Aunt, *Oh, you little know what a dismal dark condition I am in; Methinks I am as dark as Hell it self*: my Aunt would say, *Cousin, would you but believe you were melancholy it might be a great means to bring you out of this Condition; Melancholy*, would I say, *I have Cause to be Melan-*

Melancholy, that am as assuredly Damn'd as that there is a God; and no more hopes of me than of the Devils; I have more Cause to be Melancholy than they have, it's a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the Living God. *Heb.* x. *vers.* 31.

My Aunt would persuade me to seek God in the use of means, from that Argument of the resolution of the four Lepers, in the 2 *King.* vii. 4. *I* would Answer with scorn, *I have heard that often enough.*

One fit my humour was such, that when Friends would have argued with me about my condition, I would not speak, but only give them some short scornful Answer and no more; but I would

I would be ſometimes in one temper and ſometimes in another; my Aunt would take the advantage of my beſt humour, to talk with me then, and the main thing ſhe deſigned in moſt of her Arguments with me was, to convince me of the fallacy and deluſion that was in my Opinion; That it was ſo infallibly revealed to me that I was Damn'd; but alaſs all took no place with me; but when ſhe began to ſpeak with me of ſuch things, I would generally fling away in a great fume, and ſay; *Will you not let me alone yet, methinks you might let me have a little quiet while I am out of Hell*; this was almoſt my daily practice while I was with my Aunt: I was uſually very

very nimble in my Anſwers, and peeviſhly pettinacious to pleaſe my own croſs humour.

My Aunt told me ſhe believed God would not have exerciſed me ſo with Afflictions, from my Child-hood, if he intended to reject me at laſt; I anſwer'd, *Do you not remember what Mr.* Calamy *uſed to ſay, That unſanctified Afflictions par-boyle the Soul for hell*; *Oh*, ſaid I, *that I had gone to hell as ſoon as I had been born, (ſeeing I was born to be damned) and then I had not had ſo many ſins to have anſwer'd for, then I ſhould not have lived to be a Terrour to my ſelf and all that know me; and my Torments in Hell would have been far leſs.*

When

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When my Grandmother had told me of the depths of the Mercy of God in Christ: I would answer with indignation; *What do you tell me of a Christ; it had been better for me if there had never been a Saviour, then I should have gone to Hell at a Cheaper Rate.*

Towards Winter I grew to Eat very little, (much less than I did before) so that I was exceeding Lean; and at last nothing but Skin and Bones; (a Neighbouring Gentlewoman, a very discreet Person that had a great desire to see me, came in at the back-door of the House unawares and found me in the Kitchen, who after she had seen me, said to Mrs. *Wilson*, *She cannot live, she*

she hath death in her face) I would say still that every bit I did Eat hastned my Ruin; and that I had it with a dreadful Curse; and what I Eat encreased the Fire within me, which would at last burn me up; and I would now willingly live out of Hell as long as I could.

Thus sadly I passed that Winter, and towards Spring I began to Eat a little better.

This Spring in *April*, 1666. my good Friends Mr. *Shorthose* and his Wife, whose Company formerly I much delighted in, came over, and when I heard they were come and were at their Brothers house, half a mile off, and would come thither the Fryday after; *Ah*, says I, *that I dreaded*,

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dreaded, I cannot endure to see him, nor hear his voice ; I have told him so many dreadful Lyes ; (meaning what I had formerly told him of my experiences, and, as I thought, infallible evidences of the Love of God towards me ; and now believed my self to be the vilest Creature upon Earth) *I cannot see his face* ; and wept tenderly, wherewith my Aunt was much affected, and promised that when he came he should not see me ; (I would have seen neither of them, but especially my He-Cousin) On the Fryday, soon after they came in, they asked for me, but my Aunt put them off till after Dinner, and then told them, she had engaged her word they should not see me

me, and that if she once broke her promise with me, I would not believe her hereafter ; with such perswasions she kept them from seeing me, but not satisfied them ; for that Night Mr. *Shorthose* was much troubled, and told his Wife if he had thought they must not have seen me, he would scarce have gone to *Snelstone* ; the next day they Supped at Mr. *Robert Archer*'s House, Mrs. *Wilson*'s Brother that then lived in the same Town, where my Aunt Supped with them ; at the Table something was said of their not seeing Mrs. *Allen*, but after Supper Mr. *Shorthose* and his Wife stole away from the Company to Mrs. *Wilsons*, where they came in at the back-side of the House

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Houſe ſuddenly into the Kitchen where I was; but aſſoon as I ſaw them, I cryed out in a violent manner ſeveral times; *Ah, Aunt* Wilſon *haſt thou ſerv'd me ſo!* and ran into the Chimney and took up the Tongs; *No*, ſaid they, *Your Aunt knows not of our coming*; *What do you do here?* ſaid I, *We have ſomething to ſay to you*, ſaid they, *but I have nothing to ſay to you*, ſaid I, Mr. *Shorthoſe* took me by the hand and ſaid, *Come, come, lay down thoſe Tongs and go with us into the Parlour*, which I did, and there they diſcourſed with me, till they had brought me to ſo calm and friendly a temper, that when they went, I accompanied them to the door and ſaid; *Methinks I am*

I am loth to part with them; Mr. *Shorthoſe* having ſo good encouragement, came the next day again, being Sabbath day after Dinner, and prevailed with me to walk with him into an Arbour in the Orchard, where he had much diſcourſe with me, and amongſt the reſt he entreated me to go home with him; which after long perſuaſions both from him and my Aunt, I conſented to, upon this condition, that he promiſed me, *he would not compell me to any thing of the Worſhip of God, but what he could do by perſuaſion*; and that week I went with them, where I ſpent that Summer; in which time it pleaſed God by Mr.

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Shorthose's means to do me much good both in Soul and Body; he had some skill in Physick himself, and also consulted with Physicians about me; he kept me to a course of Physick most part of the Summer, except when the great heat of the Weather prevented, I began much to leave my dreadful expressions concerning my condition, and was present with them at duty; and at last they prevailed with me to go with them to the publick Ordinance, and to walk with them to visit Friends, and was much alter'd for the better.

A Fortnight after *Michaelmas* my Aunt fetch'd me home again to *Snelston*, where I passed that

that Winter much better than formerly, and was pretty conformable and orderly in the Family; and the next Summer was much after the same manner, but grew still something better; and the next Winter likewise still mending though but slowly, till the Spring began, and then I changed much from my retiredness, and delighted to walk with Friends abroad.

And this Spring it pleased God to provide a very suitable Match for me, one Mr. *Charles Hatt*, a Widdower living in *Warwickshire*; with whom I live very comfortably, both as to my inward and outward man; my husband being one that truly fears God.

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As my Melancholy came by degrees, so it wore off by degrees, and as my dark Melancholy bodily distempers abated, so did my spiritual Maladies also, and God convinced me by degrees; that all this was from Satan, his delusions and temptations, working in those dark and black humors, and not from my self, and this God cleared up to me more and more; and accordingly my love to, and delight in Religion, increased; and it is my desire that, lest this great Affliction should be a stumbling-block to any, it may be known, (seeing my Case is publish'd) that I evidently perceive that God did it in much mercy and faithfulness to my Soul; and though

though for the present it was a bitter Cup, yet that it was but what the only wise God saw I had need of according to that place, 1 *Pet.* i. 6. *Tho' now for a season, if need be, ye are in heaviness through manifold Temptations.* Which Scripture did much comfort me under my former Afflictions in my first Husbands days.

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These Promises which are here set down were great supports and refreshments to me in the time of my various Temptations and Afflictions all along, till I fell into deep despair, for from my Child-hood, God Exercised me with manifold Trials.

Isaiah, xliii. 1, 2.

BUT now thus saith the Lord that Created thee, O Jacob, *and he that formed thee, O* Israel, *fear not for I have redeemed thee; I have called thee by thy Name, thou art mine.* Vers. 2. *When thou passest through the Waters, I will be with thee, and through the Rivers*

James v. 11.

Behold we count them happy which Endure; ye have heard of the Patience of Job, *and have ſeen the End of the* Lord; *that the* Lord *is very pitiful and of tender mercy.*

1 John, iv. 4.

Ye are of God, *little Children; and have overcome them, becauſe greater is he that is in you, than he that is in the World.*

THE END.

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